PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 8 • No. 12 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 25, 1938 5 CENTS

HERE'S AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT THEY ALL SHOOT AT

We are a constant and fascinated reader of the *New Yorker*. We are not at all unique in this, as the circulation department of the magazine would no doubt hilariously tell you, but we take such joy in being such that we are moved every once in a while to express ourselves. There have been occasions when we have met those who aren't aroused as we are to paeans. We have met some, even, who are incapable of thrilling to this—the lead paragraph in a recent *New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town":

"The most heart-warming story of the week was supplied, we think, by the unwed cat who chose the Martha Washington as the place in which to have her nameless kittens; by the virtuous guests who did not withdraw the hem of their garments, but gave organized moral support and every human sympathy; by the headwaiter who served her crabmeat *au gratin* at the time when she needed it most."

To us this paragraph, perhaps more than any other we have seen in the life of the magazine, sets the tempo of the *New Yorker*, and so gorgeously. It's one of those things that gives every other magazine of aspiration in the country something to shoot at—to shoot at and invariably miss.

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"HERALD" DOES A NICE JOB ON KITE FESTIVAL

While we're moving along this vein of approbation for our contemporaries, high and low, let us waft a breath of praise in the general direction of the Peninsula *Herald* for its Carmel kite festival pictures as published last Monday afternoon. Not only were they good pictures, for which we have one Josselyn to thank, but they were admirably reproduced, for which one Dickinson is responsible. And while we're so religiously about it, here's a rose or two for Janie who wrote the kite story for the *Herald*. We were up there and got some of Janie's turf on our shoes, blue in our eyes and wind through our scant hair and we expertly testify to her veracity, to say nothing of her phraseology.

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WHAT KIND OF A CITIZEN IS JOHN JORDAN?

The civic life of any community, no matter how small, can be made a better civic life by the elimination of a politician. In the case of Carmel as at present, by the elimination, for instance, of John Jordan.

John Jordan is making his three daily tours of Ocean avenue during this municipal campaign, talking for Bernard Rowntree and against Fred Bechdolt. True to the nature of a politician, whose sole aim is to serve his personal interests or those of the organization to which he steadfastly, and so often blindly and inconsistently belongs, John Jordan is not for Bernard Rowntree because he thinks he has made a good councilman, nor against Fred Bechdolt because he thinks he will make a bad one.

John Jordan is openly supporting Rowntree because Rowntree happens to be the only candidate who he thinks can possibly beat Bechdolt. John Jordan is openly op-

(Continued on Page Two)

PRESENT COUNCIL PASSES BUCK TO NEXT ON AMENDMENT OF BUSINESS ZONING LAW

On the suggestion of Councilman Jim Thoburn, Carmel's city council Wednesday night abandoned further efforts to change the present zoning law so that it would have some actual effect.

Despite the persistent opinion of City Attorney Hudson that his amendments to the old law would actually make it of value in the regulation of business in the commercial section of the city, the council decided to sidestep the responsibility of creating a new law and passed the buck to the new city council to take office on April 18.

The councilmen admitted, on a question from the lobby, that the proposed amendments, as written by Hudson, would in their opinion strengthen the law and, in fact, make it effective while now it is legally worthless. It was also stated by Mayor Everett Smith that the recently published reports that the council was contemplating letting down the bars in the proposed zoning law changes were premised on erroneous conceptions of the plan. He referred to the article published in last week's *Pine Cone* and written by Perry Newberry.

A special permit was given to the board of directors of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, on Monte Verde street, to enlarge its auditorium. This was necessary as the church is located in a residence district. The permit is contingent on the obtaining of the consent of the property owners on the block. It is not contemplated that there will be objections.

The electrical construction ordinance, creating new license fees and permits, as well as setting up standards of workmanship, was passed on second reading and to print. Councilman Thoburn commented that the city was getting lousy with ordinances and the place wouldn't be fit to live in if the council kept creating new laws.

The ordinance establishing a sidewalk grade on Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Sixth street, as requested by the Bank of Carmel which will shortly begin building at Dolores and Ocean, was passed on second reading.

Mark E. Sharer, who has been on trial for the past two months, was officially named fire engine driver, junior grade, on the recommendation of Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire.

Saidee Van Brower, against the advice of her physician, sat in her place as city clerk Wednesday night. She plainly showed her illness following her breakdown last week. It was expected that she would make formal request for assistance in her office, but she failed to do so, even though one of the councilmen requested her to name whom she wanted for an assistant.

Abalone League Starts 1938 Season With Two Games This Sunday

Abalones ahoy, or avast!

The 1938 Carmel baseball season opens this Sunday.

The *Tigers*, captained by Dan James, and the *Giants*, of whom Ted Leidig is skipper, cross bats or square away or whatever they do, at 1:30 o'clock in the sunlit afternoon, and at 3 o'clock the *Shamrocks*, whom Hap Hasty leads, and the *Pilots*, wearing the colors of Gordon Campbell, will toss cutlasses at each other. The games will be played on the Mission Ranch field.

Dan James' *Tigers* include Ivan Kelsey George Whitcomb, Joyce Whitcomb, Tom Matthews, Charlie Frost, Dale Leidig, Palmer Beaudette, Jimmie Kelsey, Aileen Plein and Alice Graham.

Giants—Bill Dekker, Charlie Van Riper, Frances Brewer, Tom Van Riper, Frances Brewer, Tom Mulvin, Gale Alderson, Chick McCarthy, Ted Leidig, Bert Taylor, Tony Van Riper and Mary Henderson.

Shamrocks—Rosie Henry, Otto Bardarson, Helen Heavey, Arthur Hull, Allen Knight, Byington Ford, Hap Hasty, Mort Henderson, Baird Bardarson and Ruth Smith.

Pilots—Tom Hooper, Fred Warren, Dorothea Dawson, Cedric Rowntree, Frank Townsend, Gordon Campbell, Galen Alderson, Ban Handley, Jimmie Handley and Mary Jane Dawson.

About 40 Abalone troupers showed up at the first call last Sunday and a scrub team under By Ford, calling themselves the *Shamrocks*, and a motley crew, assuming the name of *Giants*, and led by Charlie Van Riper, attacked each other. By Ford says his team won to the tune of 26 to 8, but we haven't interviewed Van Riper in the matter. His viewpoint may be entirely different.

Prior to the game last Sunday the following enthusiasts armed themselves with scythes and cut the tall grass until they had accomplished something in the semblance of a diamond:

Charlie Van Riper, Ivan Kelsey, Dorothea Dawson, Chick McCarthy, Gale Alderson, Palmer Beaudette, Tommy Hooper, John Todd and Helen Heavey.

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MC CREERY TAKES HIS SCOUTS ON CORRAL DE TIERRA HIKE

P. A. McCreery, scoutmaster, took 17 boys of No. 86 troop on a hike to Corral de Tierra last Saturday. They spent the night in camp on the Van Riper ranch and returned by automobiles on Sunday afternoon. While McCreery stalwartly led his boys through valleys and over mountains on the hike, Sally McCreery spent the day resting up at home after the ordeal of creating four dozen popcorn balls for the hikers to consume on their arrival at camp.

The gang left Carmel, Ocean avenue, at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, arriving at the Van Riper place in Corral de Tierra at 5:30 o'clock in the evening. During the hike several of the boys passed tests which totalled 52 in all. They encountered all sorts of weather during the trip and gained considerable scout experience.

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If you know something you think The Cymbal ought to know, telephone Carmel 77 and tell us.

Shops Ask Unfair Competition Be Hit by Council

"Topaze" Now On At Filmarte

"Topaze," presented by the Carmel Players, opened last night at the Filmarte Theatre and will play again tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday night. With leads played by Lee Crowe, Mary Henderson and Lloyd Weer, besides other fine members of the cast, "Topaze" should be well worth seeing.

A great deal of work has gone into the sets. Some murals were done by Dorothy Seeley-Smith. There is a lot of stunning decorating by Franklin Dixon and Dick Carter, and Marjorie Lowell worked for hours over a stencil with the results being an aching back and a thing of great beauty. A big game hunt was even organized which took the hunters as far as Salinas where they obtained a pole-cat.

The opening was too late for a review in this week's issue of THE CYMBAL, but we will give you our opinion in next week's paper.

WAS IT YOU? Number 15

People were disappearing off Ocean avenue too rapidly this morning to follow usefully. We started with a man in a black derby, smoking a cigarette, but he got ambushed in Whitney's. Then we took up the chase after a barefooted fellow who bought three red apples and disappeared into a roadster. A possibility was a gentleman carrying a black silk umbrella on the sunny side of the street, but he didn't go far enough. Then YOU came along in gray slacks, white tennis shoes and a magenta handkerchief. You carried a shopping bag and you walked with ZIP. Hah! The quarry at last! First you BIFFED out of the post office and BOOMED down the street, made a swift left cut into the Quality Market to buy a huge bundle of meat, then you jay-walked over to talk with a friend who was backing out of a parking space, and then you CLIPPED it over to Leidig's where, ZOWIE, you bought the bread and, ZOOM, you picked the vegetables and, ZOOK, you reeled off the grocery list. Then, BIFF, you went out and, BONG, you detoured to the library and, BANG, you came out with a tome bound in red to WHIZZ homeward around Lincoln street.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL *office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.*

Patricia Machado, 9 years old, pupil in the Third grade at Sunset School, came in last week and claimed her dollar.

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Sybil Leonard, looking her usual striking self, came down from San Francisco to spend last week-end here.

GOWN SELLERS SAY S. F. FIRMS DO BUSINESS IN HOTEL ROOMS IN CARMEL

A whole row of feminine pulchritude graced the lobby at the city council meeting Wednesday night. The owners of Carmel's dress shops appealed for protection from the spring and autumn assaults on their business by San Francisco concerns.

In a letter to the council the dress shop owners set forth that while they pay licenses throughout the year for established businesses, holding on by the skin of their teeth during the lean winter months, San Francisco gown shops send their representatives down here in the spring and fall, rent rooms in hotels, telephone to prospective customers and take orders for their wares. For the privilege of doing this they pay a license of $3 a day. This insignificant sum is all it costs them to take the cream of the dress shop business.

The council agreed that it is a dirty trick and that something should be done about it. City Attorney Hudson was asked to look into the matter to see if legally a higher tax could not be levied against these outside concerns. At present the license ordinance provides that businesses coming here and establishing themselves must pay $100 and at the end of the year the regular annual license is deducted from this and the balance returned. But the San Francisco stores who send representatives down here to show and take orders for gowns are not "established businesses" in the definition of the term in the ordinance, and pay only the $3-a-day license for peddlers.

Those who signed the letter of protest and appeal to the city council and who backed it up with their presence in the lobby were Grace Case, Helen Dean, Maude Jenkinson, Anna Katz, Eva Loubens, Edith Smythe, Hélène Vye, Ynez Whitaker, Eleanor Yates.

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BUSINESS GROUP TO HOLD DINNER MEETING NEXT

The next meeting of the Carmel Business Association will be a dinner session at Pine Inn. Victor Graham is in charge of the program. There will be a report from Mrs. James B. McGrury on the St. Patrick's Day party at the Mission Ranch Club when more than $70 was raised for the Forest Theater reconstruction fund.

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J. Shelburn Robison received notification yesterday of his appointment as attorney for the FHA for the district comprising Monterey County. He succeeds the late E. Guy Ryker.

posing Bechdolt because a year ago last November Bechdolt was one of the human factors who twisted John's nose something terrible in the national election. Up until a year ago last November, John carried his picturesque white-haired head high as the Republican party leader in this little puddle who always had and always could deliver the popular vote of Carmel to the Grand Old Party. On the morning of November 4, 1936, the chest of John Jordan felt the persisting weight of John Jordan's chin. It was a terrible, devastating thing that had been done to him; had been done to his party, and in retaliation now John Jordan is fighting one of the men responsible for the blow.

John Jordan doesn't care a damn what kind of a government Carmel gets if he can go to bed on the night of next April 12 with the satisfaction that he has, in a measure, accomplished something of a personal revenge on a political enemy.

That's the sort of Carmel public-spirited citizen John Jordan is. He knows that Bernard Rowntree has made an unconscionable mess of his two-year term as a city councilman. He knows that Bernard Rowntree has contributed heavily to an unsound policy which has scattered the public money right and left and brought the city to municipal bankruptcy. He knows that Bernard Rowntree has endeavored personally to play Hitler in relation to the volunteer fire department and has, as a consequence, been solely responsible for the crumbling of morale in that department which all but wrecked it and has seriously impaired its efficiency.

He knows that Bernard Rowntree silently and doggedly gave his support to the audit fiasco which alone brands the present city council as one of the most reckless and un-economic legislative bodies in the city's history. He knows that Bernard Rowntree is personally responsible for boosting Birney Adams into his present full-time, no-work job to the further depletion of the city treasury.

He knows that Bernard Rowntree, with all his honesty and sincerity, has proved a very dangerous councilman indeed, a councilman whose scatter-brained activities, tireless and constant as they may be, have been a detriment to the public good and a senseless drain on the public treasury.

John Jordan knows these things, but does he care? Not for a minute does he care. He's for Rowntree to serve his personal desires and help to pour some balm on a breast that has been sorely bruised.

He is for Bernard Rowntree as the manifestation of the same John Jordan principle by which he would vote the Republican national ticket from now until doomsday, though there were a Jap at one end of it and a yellow dog at the other. That principle is embodied in John Jordan's persisting shibboleth: "We'll get those Democrats."

Of such is the glory of Democracy!

—W. K. B.

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BRIDGE TOURNAMENT GROWS POPULAR AT RANCH CLUB

Among the players at the bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club Monday evening were Mrs. Alma Brooks of Honolulu, Mrs. H. J. Jackson of Hollywood, and Louis Van Dory of San Francisco. It was a tournament with an unusually large number of interesting hands. The winners were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hadden, followed closely by Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Tolfree.

Dorothy Seeley-Smith and Betty Work were the winners of the women's doubles at the badminton tournament on Tuesday afternoon.

CARMEL CAPERS

We dislike to say how many years it took us back to see Jimmy Doud standing with a group of his old friends in front of the post office.

We were minded of the dim dark days when the ambition of every young man was to look as much like Rudolf Valentino as natural limitations would allow; to proceed with amorous dalliance as far as mechanical disadvantages of a rumble seat and carefully nurtured girlish inhibitions of the period would permit; and to secrete on one's person, internally and externally, a maximum of bootleg alcoholic stimuli.

If our ageing mnemonic faculties are not too weakened by the years, our friend Jimmy outshone his contemporaries in all the above mentioned activities and feminine hearts accelerated as they passed him gracing, then as now, the village streets.

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Dorothy Comingore remains miraculously unspoiled despite publicized admiration of Charlie Chaplin and the possession of Bob Meltzer who is himself so attractive that his devotion alone would serve to inflate the average feminine ego. Nevertheless, she maintains the role of a simple, vivacious child, booming about in an antique green car with such grace and simplicity that one almost suspects another bit of superlative acting.

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Let us be tolerant of the youth which run about our little settlement this week's vacation. Barelegged despite the rigors of a reluctant Spring and happy despite morbid forebodings of their elders. Let us be envious if we must, but always tolerant; for Youth is a divine gift granted but briefly to those too inexperienced to use it as they should.

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Stan Delaplane, lithesome editor of the *Chronicle's* woman's page and Abe Mellinkoff, a very dynamic young man who writes publicity for the Exposition, spent last week-end in Carmel. They were accompanied by Stan's wife, Connie, who is definitely a cutesie, and by his mother-in-law, whose name (may the gods forgive us) has slipped our so porous little mind.

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George Gordon Moore, who reigns as an old feudal lord over acres and acres up the Carmel Valley, has been confined there a good part of the winter because of washouts and slides in the road. As soon as the rains abated, he escaped from his manor and was making up for lost time by celebrating royally in and about San Francisco last week-end.

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When Carmel boys go to town they do so in every sense of that poor hackneyed phrase. George Aucourt was seen doing the niteries with Mary Storrs and among others we encountered Ted Sierka, who seemed to be missing very little in the Tahitian Hut Saturday night.

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There is a sign in the Golden Pheasant in San Francisco which reads "Hollywood Breakfast, 10 cents" . . . something like Bromo-Seltzer, only stronger, the clerk explained.

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Phil Nesbitt is one of those unfortunate people who is always endeavoring to avoid gossip and who is, nevertheless, constantly the subject of it.

Curiosity was boundless as to the personality, habits, appearance and disposition of his new English wife, the erstwhile Lady Faith Montagu. Having been a good friend of Phil's these many years, we came in for a good bit of questioning and are now only in a position to reply that the lady in question seems to be in every sense charming though operating in a European tempo very different from that of an American girl of the same age.

Faith, like Dr. Pangloss in "Candide," seems to enjoy nothing better than to stay home and cultivate her garden. She also writes children's stories and is seldom seen bargeing about the village streets in the restless manner of the present writer or of her very delightful lord and master.

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Tuesday night literally shook the foundations of Jon Konigshofer's little house high up among the trees. It is unnecessary to list the celebrants, all of Carmel's gay and carefree element were well represented. Among others were Marie Elizalde and her sister, Geraldine Spreckels, the two most attractive blondes this Peninsula has seen for many moons. Gerry confesses to having missed a movie contract by inches. Seems that Hollywood considers five-foot, six too tall and allows not even a Spreckels to dwarf her local glamour boys.

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We saw a sign on the Bay Shore Highway, just south of San Francisco, which says "ruffled giant pansies for bedding" . . . Not too ruffled we hope.

—Libby Ley

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"VICTORIA THE GREAT" SAID TO BE GREAT MOVIE

"Victoria the Great" opens its exclusive peninsula engagement Friday, April 1, to play for one week at the Filmarte Theatre. The production dramatizes the life of Great Britain's famous sovereign, with the title role played by England's favorite screen actress, Anna Neagle, co-starred with Anton Walbrook, international stage and screen star, H. B. Warner, as *Lord Melbourne*, and Walter Rilla, as *Prince Ernest*, are featured players.

The last thousand feet of the film, visualizing the Diamond Jubilee, is in Technicolor. The picture was produced by Herbert Wilcox in England for RKO Radio.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pillsbury, of Rancho Los Cimas, Hollister, were among the guests at the Mission Ranch Club over the week-end.

Finality

This, then, is how it feels to fall,
to fall from stars,
quenching the phosphorescent journey
forever:
to whirl through the bitter rinse
and the cellophane light not swift, not cool,
cutting pointwise through the heart.
. . . . . a strange, glittering pain
to fall . . . . to die . . .
to touch the unloved earth resistingly.

—Kathryn Winslow

NURSERY SCENE OF TEA FOR MOTHERS OF PUPILS

A tea was given Wednesday afternoon at the Carmel Mothers' Association Nursery School for the mothers of pupils enrolled there. Mrs. Millard Klein took charge of the discussion which centered around the individual children and their problems. Every child is an only child and they already show almost 100 per cent improvement. Following the discussion Mrs. Klein read a few chapters of the book, "Step by Step in the Nursery School."

Hereafter the association will have these teas the third Wednesday of every month at 2:30 o'clock at the school and anyone interested is cordially invited to come. The association also plans to have open house at the Nursery School next week.

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Patricia Condon was the hostess at a cocktail party given at her home in Hatton Fields Sunday afternoon.

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Famous Woman Of Eire Here Thursday

Mrs. Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, famous Irish woman, will speak at Sunset Auditorium next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, on "Twilight in Europe." She will touch on various phases of the crisis in the world today, under auspices of the Carmel Forum.

Mrs. Skeffington is well known to American as well as European audiences. She is now touring this country for the fifth time. She won international fame early in her career, when with her husband, Francis Sheehy Skeffington, she became a leader in the struggle for women's rights and for world peace. During the week of the Easter Rising in Dublin in 1916, Francis Sheehy Skeffington, although he had no direct part in the rebellion, was murdered by British soldiers in Portobello Barracks.

Since then Mrs. Skeffington has devoted much of her efforts to the cause of Irish freedom. On behalf of the republican government of Ireland, she has carried out diplomatic missions to Geneva, London and the United States. She has also continued to champion women's rights and peace. She was the sole representative of her country to the first World Peace Congress in Brussels and has been a delegate to many subsequent congresses.

She is an editor, literary critic and writer on political and cultural subjects. She is a friend of the famous Irish literati, including James Joyce, W. B. Yeats and, during his lifetime, of George Russell (A.E.).

Mrs. Karl Rendtorff will be the chairman of the evening.

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Quarantine Seems To Have Died; No Enforcement Here

Although it had planned to let the Humane Society have the $85 it asked for as a contribution from Carmel toward the enforcing of the present dog quarantine, the council Wednesday night laid the final OK on the voucher over to the next meeting.

Councilman Clara Kellogg's motion to this effect aroused a discussion about the quarantine and it was declared that the Humane Society has practically abandoned enforcement of the quarantine in Carmel. The council was told that a director of the society had said the organization was without funds to hire a truck driver and dog catcher for this city.

This information raised hopes of dog owners in the council lobby, but these were somewhat dashed by Chief of Police Robert Norton who said that he was telling people who asked him that it would be safer for them to keep their dogs confined or on leash.

However, it is pretty certain that the quarantine will be lifted not much later than April 1. That is, if no further cases of rabies are discovered.

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Mr. and Mrs. Josef von Isser have taken a house at Robles Del Rio and will move up around the middle of April.

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Mim Snook, Peggy Saunders, Bill Stevens and Owen McKevitt, all University of California students, dropped into Carmel last week-end for a visit with Cecile Hampton.

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT Candidate for Councilman

By LYNDA SARGENT

This is my maiden sally into politics. It is voluntary. I asked Mr. Bassett's permission to say my little say about the candidacies of Mr. Bechdolt, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Heron because from the announcement of their candidature it has struck me as a simple irreducible datum that the intelligence quotient of this triumvirate is about as high as any town or any big city could hope to have in its governing body. It seems equally clear that the personal integrity of each of these men is unimpeachable. Further, the balance of human values—types of personalities, age, kinds of experience—seems to be pretty finely drawn.

It shouldn't be necessary to say more and it is probably presumptuous of me, who know them all less well than many of you, to do so. But it may be of interest to let each man speak for himself a word or two, so I went down and listened while "Bech" talked. It's odd, isn't it, how just sitting for a couple of hours chatting with a man, watching him patiently roll his cigarettes, catching the undertones of homeliness and kindliness in his voice as his family and *James*, the cat, come and go, will make you feel you know the essential person!

"Well, somebody's got to do the job," he said. "The trouble with most of us is that we sit on the sidelines and criticize. We think up all sorts of—to us—intelligent things to be done. But we want someone else to do them.

"This democracy of ours—we all have ideas about it. It's a clumsy sort of business at best. We ought to take more active part in it.

"On the other hand, we are apt to take our jobs, once we get them, much too seriously. We've got no sense of humor about ourselves; take too much on our own shoulders. We appoint people to office—the police, for instance. The appointment itself is a vote of confidence. Well then, we should have confidence in them, not go bickering around interfering with the details of their jobs. That way they get self-conscious. Most men do their best work when they're put on their own.

"That's why Carmel's such a darned interesting place to work. We're a town of individualists. You simply can't dragoon the citizens into a thing they don't want. They're better citizens for that, too."

And they will be better Councilmen who realize it.

Bech's unique contribution to the Council will be his love of handling and associating with all kinds of people. All his life he has been out where active people are doing things. He loves to go with the vaqueros in the drag of the herd and down the shaft with a pick and shovel and the miners' language on the tip of his tongue. As a young man, police reporting up and down the coast, he mixed up with all sorts; with longshoremen in their groggeries; in the mining camps where bunco men and harlots and the pick of the world's crooks rubbed shoulders. "Life was pretty darned lively," he said. Out of this invaluable experience he learned a couple of things. One, that the so-called common man should be listened to carefully; he often has a great deal to say. And further, that if you are going to be able to handle men, live with them, especially solve their problems, you must let them state their case. You will almost always learn something.

"You think a program is infallible because it's your program," he says. "When as a matter of fact, more often than not the man with a grievance will be able to point out the precise fallibility of it. That's what makes dealing with human problems fun. Bert Heron did a smart thing when he was on the Council before; had a citizen's commission and let them thrash things out. It worked.

"Gordy? There isn't a finer young man around. And how we need youth! More young men like Gordy."

We talked at some length of the increased social-mindedness of the times and the thing called Progress.

"We get along," he said. "The sound values persist under whatever pressure and in whatever guise. Take Carmel. Carmel doesn't need to change essentially. We can take on new things—new devices, even new values—just so long as we keep simple. There is no use getting pretentious."

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Mission Worker To Talk Here

Mrs. Dana Thomas of San Jose, who has recently returned from a world tour with special observance of missionary activities, will speak at a service sponsored by the young people of the Community Church this Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The Epworth League will meet at the usual time, 7 o'clock, and will adjourn to the sanctuary at 7:30 where there will be a community sing for 15 minutes and the address by Mrs. Thomas.

Active in missionary work in Northern California, Mrs. Thomas has many friends on the Peninsula. While this service is particularly planned for youth, adults are cordially invited to attend.

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Frank J. Taylor, and his wife, mother, sister and two sons, are spending a few days in Carmel. Taylor has written a great many articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Jimmie Doud Buys More Property on Ocean Avenue

If Jimmie Doud can make deals with Dr. Amelia Gates and Harrison Godwin he will own all the tap rooms in town—or the property on and in which they are located.

Not so many moons ago he acquired the property occupied now by De Loe's tap room and restaurant, and this week Barney Segal closed the deal which transferred the property occupied by Whitney's on Ocean avenue from Mrs. Leonard Sinclair of Pleasanton, best known in Carmel as Ivy Basham, to Doud. The purchase includes rear lots which run out to San Carlos street, south of McDonald Dairy, occupied by Stuart Montmorency as a service station and automobile repair shop.

Dr. Gates owns the property in which the Snack is located at Monte Verde and Ocean, and Harrison Godwin not long ago bought the Helen Wilson property, between Monte Verde and Lincoln on Ocean, where Sadé Latham will soon open a tap room and restaurant. Maybe Jimmie is negotiating with them now.

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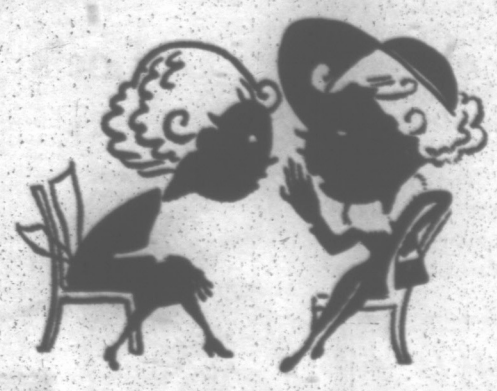

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New Orgatron Dedicated at Mission

A large and appreciative audience filled the Carmel Mission Sunday night to hear the dedicatory recital of the Everett Orgatron played by E. Richard Wissmueller with songs by Noel Sullivan.

Preceding the solemn blessing of the orgatron, a short history of music in the church was given by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Philip G. Scher, D.D. To begin the recital Wissmueller played *Aria* by Giuseppe Tartini. This was a lovely thing, but the combination of the orgatron and the Mission seemed made for Bach compositions. The first was *Prelude and Fugue in E Minor*, followed by *Sonatina* from "God's Time Is Best." The clear, beautiful bell-like tones of the instrument were particularly suited to Karl Stamitz' *Andante* which was the concluding number of the first group.

Bach's *Komm Suesser Tod* was sung by Noel Sullivan, whose voice has never sounded finer. It filled the whole church with the rich deep tones.

The ever-satisfying and lovely *Panis Angelicus* by César Franck was Noel Sullivan's second offering and he concluded his part of the recital by singing *Bible Song* by Anton Dvorak. Another Cesar Franck, *Prelude in B Minor*, was played by Wissmueller with a great deal of feeling and beauty. Josef Bonnet's *Romance Sans Paroles* seemed much too light, but was well played. *Andante Cantabile* by Charles-Marie Widor followed, and the program concluded with *Eire*, an Irish fantasy based on Irish airs and composed for the program by Wissmueller. This was beautiful and both light and rich.

To add to the satisfyingly lovely sounds which the audience heard during the evening, the eye was gratified by the many white candles shining softly against the white calla lilies banking the altar. Solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed the recital and with the gold robes of the priests added to the setting it was an unbelievably beautiful and unforgettable symphony of sound and color. —S. F.

\+ + +

Mrs. Mary Reardon has as her guest, Mrs. Mary Higgins, of Boston, who is on the west coast for the purpose of seeing the ordination of her son, Clement, which takes place in Fresno, April 2. Mrs. Higgins will remain here until after Easter.

\+ + +

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

THIS THING AND THAT

AS I WAS WALKING ALONG UPPER GRANT AVENUE . . .

Sing-song, Chinaman, what do you eat?—
Trotting along curbs on silk-slippered feet?
What do you carry in that tray on your head?
How is your digestion after you have fed?

Sleek moist snails;
Tangled gleen moss;
Snakes in bottles;
Lat-tail sauce;
Honolable coursee
Dlied sea-horsee.
Lichee nut and
Sweet kumquat;
Bambloo shoot and
Lord-only-knows what.

Cooped-up rabbits have no bad habits;
Hens in a crate look first-rate;
Ducks don't buck, eels don't squeal;
Makee plenty soon velly fine meal.

\+ + +

A LADY EXPLORES NEW TERRITORY . . .

Come now, let's discreetly imbibe, nor argue the *pros* and the *cons*—
Bronx cheers for blue Mondays, blue stockings and Grundy's, a fig for the deans and the dons—
Since damsels long cradled in *don'ts* can illy afford foolish qualms.

Welcome the instant when merriment prompts us to muffle and douse out the mind—
That white pachyderm, Eden's arrogant worm, censorious, futile, unkind—
Faint not nor quail; sing *prosit* and *hail!* to whatever, in Hell, we may find.

—EDITH FRISBIE

HANDWRITING

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

("Handwriting" is the fifth in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and technique of the curriculum used at the school.—Ed.)

Handwriting is still an essential medium for expression. Some people feel that before long the only handwriting requirement necessary will be the ability to sign one's name. The typewriter will presumably take the place of handwriting. This is actually happening to some extent and there is no denying that the typewriter is a great educational aid. Despite the helpful inroads made by the typewriter, I feel that legibility and reasonable speed in handwriting will continue as an essential medium of expression.

In presenting penmanship to the beginner we wait until the pupil feels the need as a means of expression and then we help him to develop a rhythmic swing movement in forming a half-circle and then an oval. Various devices are used to help the child acquire a rhythmic movement. The commonly used rhyme, "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick," and numerous others are used to develop the swing movement. When the child begins to write at his seat, he uses large pencils and is taught the arm movement as the smaller muscles have not become coordinated. When the child is ready for actual writing, he is encouraged to form large letters, as it is difficult for him to visualize the structure of small letters. The first writing is based on simple thought units which correlate with the reading or tie in with the child's experience.

The child usually begins to write with pen and ink while in the fourth grade. This transition requires greatly increased muscular control and care on the part of the child.

Handwriting is emphasized chiefly in the regular class work. Drill is provided as a remedial measure, when the child displays inability to form letters, to maintain proper letter heights, and to space letters and words. The writing of the children in all subjects should meet satisfactory standards of legibility and speed.

The children are encouraged to assume good posture and to maintain a position that will allow freedom of movement. It is possible to regulate the height of the newest type desks, and the construction of the seat helps to insure good posture. The desk should be cleared, and it is considered desirable to tilt the paper at an angle of approximately 30 degrees. It is preferable that the light come from the left so that the arm will not cast a shadow on the paper. It helps the child to acquire quality and speed if he relies chiefly on arm movement. A slight movement of the wrist and fingers is not discouraged.

A careful evaluation of the daily written work of the child and follow-up drill when necessary is the most effective means of insuring legibility. High standards in all written work will call forth greater care and effort on the part of the pupil.

Although the children have the opportunity to study model letters, individual variations are not objectionable. Children are allowed to use manuscript writing if they display ability or have been prepared in that form of writing. Various scales to test quality and speed of handwriting are available. It is interesting to note that the writing of the average adult is comparable to the sixth grade standard of quality.

The main stress in handwriting is on neatness and legibility as evidenced in all written work. This type of emphasis is undoubtedly most effective in determining the quality of individual handwriting.

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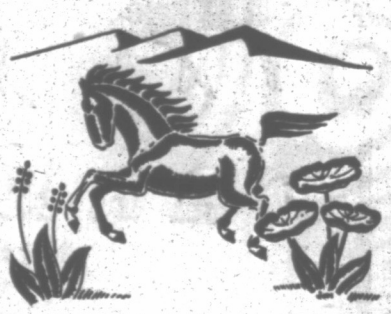
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CLANGING CYMBALS

CALIFORNIA PROFILE—III

FOR THE BEAUTY

In the 'nineties the doors of the Land Office in Salinas swung to a motley crew. Great spaces along these coast ranges were still free for the proving. It was no more than routine matter for a quiet young foreigner from Dutchland, who did not even then speak too perfectly the Angleesh language, to file a claim for six-hundred-odd acres on the Palo Corona. Already there were on the near west flank of the Santa Lucias, Molera from Spain, Ali Bitinougli out of Constantinople, Victorino of Fayal, old man Horn from the forests of Bavaria and, up the Carmel Valley a piece, the Bertas new-come from the St. Gotthard Pass.

Vink's claim lay wedged in between the great thirty-thousand acre ranges of Old Man Sargent to the east and the pastures of Tom Doud, heaving their shoulders and their shorthorns away on up to the Ventanas southward. Some oversight in proving a claim had made it possible for Vink to get his piece of land and this nettled those doughty old beef vendors.

"What the hell you want of that land I can't for the life o' me see, Charlie," Tom Doud complained. "You couldn't raise a cow, not if you was its own mother."

"For the beauty, Tom. For the beauty."

Perhaps you have not been on the top of the Palo Corona in the morning. From one side of your cabin then you see the mists rise sleepily from over Castroville way, revealing the thin sheets of lettuce green in which the valley has slumbered the night. Southerly, Pico Blanco who never sleeps, lifts the tattered redwood beard on his old limestone face and shifts his shadows aweather. Out back where you split your kindling by the kitchen stoep the bowl of Tassajara sways in the sentient air with the immense rhythms of her sarabande. And westward, to the tinkling of a billion cymbals the sun steps out to the Pacific. Yes, for the beauty.

The gay 'nineties! At home, half way around the world in the ballrooms of Berlin and Amsterdam, of London and Vienna, Charlie Vink's sisters swing the lively waltz and make good marriages and wish that 'Bram would come home from America and life would have its old zest again. The proud father, already knighted by the Queen, now also bears with honor the Officer's Cross of the Order of Orange Nassau the while he grieves perhaps over other crosses. Yet all this and more and more like it—what heritage are they for a California man? What is the carriage of State, the decoration on the breast, to a piece of land and a slice of freedom out of the bosom of the beautiful land in the last days when freedom's name was thus justly borne? What should a man do in a ballroom who could stand in his cabin door with the red hot blood from California's vine-splayed breasts riving his veins and gaze off to the northwest there where, in clear view, he could see the place called Jotunnheimar of which he had read in his childhood, abode of the giants who stride all night along the edge of the world where it touches the sea and blow with their own heroic breath the living fog to wraith upon the pate of Mescal Ridge?

* * *

Perhaps some day the whole of the Vink saga can be set down. There is space here for only a vignette or two. Of the day, for instance, that he bought and sold the whole of what is now the Carmel Highlands for $250. But, Charlie, this is nothing but a pile of rocks, Victorino protested. What does anyone want that for? You could raise on it nothing but goats. Goats, bah!

For the beauty, Vink explained patiently, nor hoped to be understood.

Of the moonlit night when, riding home from the back country on the pinto, he came suddenly to that place where the Notleys had cut down all the tan oaks, stripping them of their bark and leaving them bleeding and desecrated where they had fallen. There is a strange light, neither of this earth nor any we rightly know, on the Santa Lucias under the moon and Charlie Vink saw that scene as he had once seen one of the great tragic stage settings of all drama—as Hecuba and Andromache in the dusk of the Trojan dawn waiting for the Greek ships. He dismounted and passed among them, touching them and weeping.

And of Kelly's. Flourishing down Alvarado street with his fine chaps awind and flushed with the hills and the hunt, the young gentleman whose check had just come in from Utrecht a little late for having followed him all over the globe but a damned sight better than not at all, would rein in at Kelly's open door, nose the pinto halfway across the sidewalk and call for whiskey for all. Charlie Vink's in town, word went about. And Kelly's would fill to the beams. Cattlemen and vaqueros, roving sealer captain and city slicker from San Francisco—with fine courtly gestures, he drank them all under their tables. No man was quicker to the draw, none so hot to anger, none who could fondle the gun packed under the knee with so murderous intent and then so quickly change to laughter—to the thin spurt of disdain that no one, and it was well for him, quite understood.

And they would taunt him, the vaqueros down from Sargent's and the young men of Doud's place. "For the beauty, eh? Bah! By God, neighbor, that ain't agoin' to pay much siller into yer bank, that *beauty*. Hey, boys, a drink to Charlie's 'beauty'."

He drank with the rest and shattered his glass on the floor, as a man when he's drunk to his prince. Then he would go away from these fools, these little men who counted their lives off in quarters of beef and would never know the worthship of things. He would go roaring his despite into the night and they would say that Charlie Vink was off again.

It was Vink who found Harry Leon Wilson his place and Vink who named it for him. What shall we call it, Charlie? Vell, I don't qvite know right avay. But you let me think about it. So he wrote the following:

Neptune came swimming along the foam.
I am tired, he said; I will take a rest
Of all the places I pass, this is the best.
So I will call it my Ocean Home.

When George Gordon Moore bought the Sargent place, he went to Charlie Vink. Is there any game? he asked. Vell, there iss some deer. Qvail, ass long ass you don't kill all at one time. But I tell you vat you vant—you vant bring ofer some vild pigs. Ah, that now iss some good sport, yes, not? By God, I hunt them vild pigs in Andernach near by the Rhine. In the Scharswald. I tell you by God that iss now some sport, yes, not?

So it was that the tapestry of life along the Santa Lucias in the heroic days, woven as it was of stout homespun, of the oath and the bawdy song, of the wild winds and the moaning low of rutting beast, of birth and death and raw liquor, showed here and there amongst its somberer colors the vehement imagery of a life like this.

* * *

I should like to have space to relate in detail of how he bought the Siwash maiden who came with her sea captain father into Monterey Bay one evening. How he dickered for her in Kelly's near all night, paid three hundred dollars for her and woke up in the morning to find the crew of the Siwash troller had raised such hell in the early morning hours that the cops had bundled them all aboard ship and he never saw that lady any more.

But there was one day more auspicious. He had ridden in from the hills and stopped in Carmel to water his horse. While he sat there idly, the pinto sloshing his head in the cool water, a young girl with a fair dark skin rode up on a roan stallion. She dismounted and spoke the soft unrenderable sounds of her race to the quick little horse. When she mounted again she placed one bare brown foot against his flank and swung her lithe young body into consonance with his. The beauty of that stopped the man's breath.

Well, one of you sometime ago wrote a trifle to tell of how your lady's little bird was dead;
And tragedy has burgeoned out of littler graciousness by far.
So I shall speak of a young Indian girl who trod the hills and called the rattlesnake her friend and who was not afraid of anything that lived, not life itself.
Of how she placed her small brown foot upon the warm plush of her horse's flank
And made a poem of it.

Vink asked her to go to Monterey to the circus the next day and that night took her to his cabin on the Palo Corona.

Those must have been days and nights of epic jousting at life; nights with the bawdy moon aglare and the monstrous sensuality of the night winds enclosing them; days of the after-drowsiness under hot suns, when they sat by the cabin door and listened to the singing cables as the great swinging baskets of lime came down from the head of Mill Creek to take ship at Bixby's Landing. I see them pressing with ribaldry through the torrential gorges of bitter February and riding high on the ridge at noon in September when the blue of that sea transcends color and the driven essence of those langorous hills takes life itself and grinds it with little loving motions into the decomposed granite that's sloughing away to the sea. What little houses we live in and pursue so narrow a way!

Yesterday as I went through the town, I saw the women with their white gloves on, hurrying home from a meeting, a bridge party, a tea. Blank and intent. Eyes on the sidewalk. But it is March now on the Palo Corona and everywhere on the hills cows are calving and the long yellow shoots of lusty redwood are thrusting, thrusting, thrusting. Under gigantic ferns down Tassajara way the wild pigs from the Scharswald are suckling and in some very secret place there will be a litter of green-eyed kittens, mewing at a lion's breast. I went up the hill to the top of Palo Corona and as I went two red-headed buzzards sat on the gutted body of a still-born calf and the mountain was tender with baby-blue-eyes. I went away from the town. I saw the place where California flew across the dawning hills on *Boola*, the stallion. I saw old man Sargent and Tom Doud dead, and their cattle living after them. I saw that the only one to have kept his heritage is that man who has lived his life for the fun of it. And for the beauty.

For the beauty.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Milk Situation To Be Subject

Through the mail comes this bit of information for us, and, presumably, for you:

"A talk on 'The Milk Situation in California' will be given by Harold M. Sawyer, San Francisco Attorney, at 8 p.m. Friday evening, March 25 (tonight), in the Monterey Grammar School. The meeting is under the auspices of the Monterey Peninsula Committee for Political Unity."

Another paragraph quotes Sawyer as saying the following:

"There is absolutely no justification for raising the price of milk to the consumer at the present time in any part of the State. In fact, the distributors could pay a higher price for milk to the farmer, sell it for a lower cost to the consumer, and both he and the retail stores could still make a reasonable profit on a legitimate investment."

We carried the note across the street from the post office to the Carmel Dairy, read it to Earl Graft, and got the following comment between two forkfuls of waffle:

"That's a lot of hokum."

\+ + +

Mrs. Harry Creech and a party of girls from Palo Alto High School are in the Ford house on Carmelo.

\+

Lad Hyde is down from Palo Alto to spend his vacation here.

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Polo Will Start At Del Monte Monday

The country's best polo players will be seen in action here in the Pacific Coast Open championship, March 28 to April 10.

Among the high-goal men competing will be Eric Tyrrell-Martin, former captain of the British International four, Terence Preece of Long Island, "Pat" Roark of England and Eric Pedley.

Four teams have already announced tentative lineups. Other teams are being formed.

Tyrrell-Martin and Preece will ride on the Los Indios four with Darryl Zanuck, Hollywood movie mogul, and Aiden Roark. Both Roark and Tyrrell-Martin are 8-goal men.

Midwick will field Pedley, "Pat" Roark, Lewis Rowan and Arthur Perkins. Riding on the Santa Barbara four will be C. H. Jackson, Jr., Alec Bullock, C. Oliver and Rube Williams. Pat Linfoot, R. Smith, Dick Collins and Willie Tevis, Jr. have been announced as members of the Riviera team.

Tournament play for the Del Monte cup and the Del Monte junior cup will be held also. In the first event, teams will assume 20 goals with full handicap allowance. The second event is for teams assuming nine goals.

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Foreigners Feel Japanese Heel

Foreign residents and business people of Shanghai are feeling the Japanese heel severely, according to a letter received this week by Paul Flanders from a friend there.

"We don't like it much, being entirely surrounded by Japanese, and no taxis or rickshaws allowed over the Garden Bridge," says the letter. "No matter what the weather you have to get out and walk over the bridge between lines of bayonets and trucks and cars driven by Japanese and Russians. (These must be White Russians.) Though the servants have passes, they must be over the bridge by 6 p.m., so it means we cook our own dinner every night, which isn't so bad except when we have guests. Well, I suppose we will survive.

"As far as business is concerned there just isn't any. We have a tough time getting permits to remit money to New York. We have finally been able to get three cars of cargo shipped from Canton to Hankow. Two cars with cargo valued at $10,000 each got through safely and one car is now on the way. War risk insurance is carried at 5½ per cent. We can sell the stuff there for cash if we can get through. Of course the Japanese bomb the Canton-Hankow railway line regularly, but there are a bunch of coolies on the job to make the necessary repairs and trains get through.

"Our town is still overrun with refugees, but the Japanese are allowing the Chinese peasants to return to their farms in the western district although there is not much to return to. Hope they can get back soon and get some spring planting done.

"There have been many rumors of foreign women being attacked by Japanese soldiers, but so far the newspapermen have been unable to break the story. They say the women involved refuse to have their names used. Some of the women will not go out at all."

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Mrs. Mabel Herrick, who has been at Sea View Inn since October, is leaving the first of the week to make her home in Berkeley.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Spring is here, in spite of the misleading weather, and with it comes the strange spell it casts upon its hapless victims. Take, for instance, the most unsquirrel-like squirrel that *Patsy* and *Queenie* Peterson ran across the other day up in Hatton Fields near the home of their master and mistress, Commander and Mrs. Martin Peterson. Now most any other time the squirrel, on seeing *Patsy* and *Queenie*, would have run up the nearest tree and sat and scolded. But this squirrel, oh no, no tree for him! He took to the ground and started on a dead run across the road to a nearby field, when he wasn't a ground squirrel at all. The dogs were so taken by surprise at this unprecedented action, that they very nearly forgot to chase after him.

Then, take *Queenie*, herself. She is a Great Dane, but now she has decided that she is a bird-dog. When she goes for a stroll she stops every time she sees a bird and "points." She has the other dogs so that they run along looking at the tree-tops.

\+

Pistol Pete, that erstwhile dude wrangler, has turned bad hombre in earnest and is out gunning for a certain renegade gopher known as *Buck-tooth Benny*. It seems that *Pete's* pardner, *Two-Gun Mike*, was riding herd on the Pebble Beach range of his boss, Roma Ware, when he caught his boot in a hole made by *Benny*, and he broke his leg, and now he is sojourning in a local sanatorium with the leg in a cast. *Pistol Pete* is looking after the outfit while *Mike* is laid up.

"If I round up that gopher," he threatens, "I'll sure pump him full of daylight."

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Among the new residents of The Point is a handsome young bachelor named *Rusty* Clark, who makes his home with his owner, Margaret Clark.

Rusty is a chow and a confirmed bachelor, however, and is quite aloof to all the feminine wiles. He prefers to take walks with his owner than to go off philandering by himself (and with Spring officially here, too!). Perhaps it is his complete indifference that so intrigues the ladies. Anyhow, they all think he is "just too, too fascinating."

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The constant companion of the Newhall-Wickman ménage at the Highlands is a pleasingly plump young Boston named Peggy. Her slight avoirdupois is due, in a measure, to her habit of picking up crumbs after her masters have dined. *Peggy* sits in the dining-room doorway, and watches them eat. Then when both Mr. Newhall and Mr. Wickman have left the table, she runs into the room and sniffs under the table and gobbles up the crumbs that she finds there. (Somehow, there are always crumbs.)

Peggy is quite a pretty girl and she says her only beauty secret is a raw egg before breakfast every morning. That is a tip worth taking, girls, if you would like a coat as soft and shining as hers.

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JULIAN DANA BOOK NOW ON BEST-SELLER LIST

"Lost Springtime," the new novel by Julian Dana, is already appearing on national best-seller lists. This is of interest because Dana has many friends in Carmel and spends vacations here. He is already known as an editor, columnist, biographer and world traveler and now takes his place as a novelist in the American scene. He is the author of "Sutter of California" and "The Man Who Built San Francisco" and has been called by Gertrude Atherton "the most brilliant of the young California authors."

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New Homes Being Built in Carmel Under New Federal Housing Act Provisions

If you are interested in the FHA loan proposition you are invited to attend a public meeting to be held in the Pacific Grove High School next Wednesday evening at which D. C. McGinnis, associate director of the FHA, will speak. He will be accompanied by G. F. Ashley and Robert Manuel of the administration who will assist him in answering any questions about the government's endeavor to aid in the construction of new homes.

Banks of the Peninsula are beginning to get applications for loans and the interest already displayed indicates that the spring and summer will see much new construction.

The FHA committee on the peninsula urges those who contemplate building to make their applications at once while better workmen are available and before any advance in cost of materials. Later, when building is active, there will possibly be long delays in the building of a house, adding to the cost of construction.

Already there are seven construction jobs in Carmel under the FHA plan. They are those of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Hughes in Hatton Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Corum B. Jackson in the Mission Tract, Nonal L. Perkins in Carmel Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Patterson, Carmel Woods; Carl B. Bensberg, Carmel Woods; Alice Nugent, Carmel Woods, and Mrs. Fredreka Wallace, re-building a home on Ocean avenue.

Many others will be started within the next week or ten days.

Girl Scouts Get New Program

The final meeting of the Girl Scout leaders' course of instruction which began in January and concluded Wednesday evening was devoted to a first-hand study of the revised sections of the Girl Scout program. For two years a nation-wide study of the Girl Scout program was conducted by Charles H. Young, of McGill and Chicago universities.

Changes in the program that will be of interest to parents and Girl Scouts are:

To become a Tenderfoot Girl Scout a girl participates in a troop meeting for four meetings, learns the Girl Scout promise and laws and what Girl Scouting upholds. She participates in the activities that the regular members of the troop are following. Formerly, a new candidate carried out what was known as the Tenderfoot requirements. These requirements have now been placed in the various fields offered in the new program.

A girl wishing to achieve Second Class, selects and accomplishes one requirement in ten different fields. The fields are: Homemaking, Citizenship, International Knowledge, Sports and Games, Arts and Crafts, Nature, Dramatics and Literature, Music, Health and Safety, and the Out-of-Doors.

The candidates for First Class will achieve ten badges. No less than four and no more than seven of these will be in one of the particular fields mentioned above. The emphasis in the program as outlined by the revisions will be to center the activities of the troop around the interest of the girl rather than have each girl fit into the program without an opportunity to select her real hobby.

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How can The Cymbal give you such a newspaper for One Dollar a year? Advertising makes it possible. You can help to keep this subscription price down by patronizing our advertisers.

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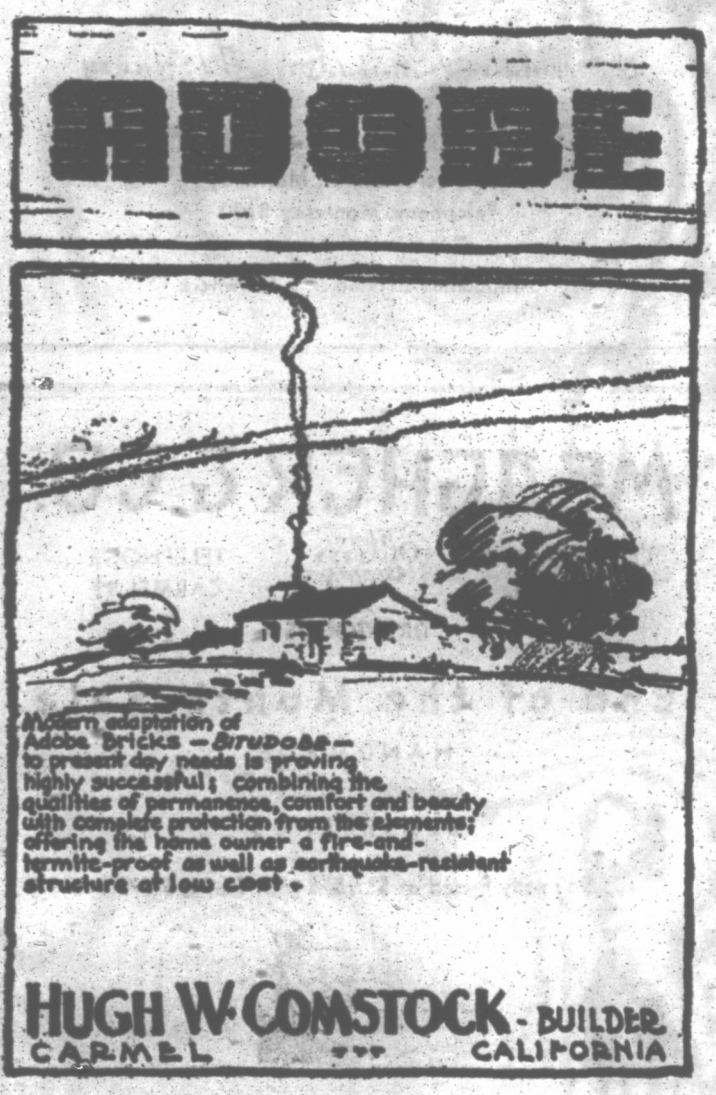
ADOBE
Modern adaptation of Adobe Bricks — BIRDOBE — to present day needs is proving highly successful; combining the qualities of permanence, comfort and beauty with complete protection from the elements; offering the home owner a fire-and-termite-proof as well as earthquake-resistant structure at low cost.
HUGH W. COMSTOCK - BUILDER
CARMEL CALIFORNIA

Church To Hold Mission

The Community Church is completing arrangements this week for the conducting of a Mission on Personality Adjustments to be conducted by Dr. Bertram Bronson of San Francisco and Berkeley, at the church over the week-end of April 8-12, beginning with a general meeting of introduction on Friday evening and carrying through each evening including Sunday, and probably closing on Tuesday evening.

Personal conferences will be encouraged during the afternoon hours and possibly morning hours as well.

Dr. Bronson is a student of psychology and psychoanalysis, with professional ability at laying his fingers upon limitations, inhibitions, of the personality and giving a constructive way out for many seemingly "lost souls." He is a specialist in home and human relationship adjustments and has been a powerful guiding influence in the lives of many young people in connection with the University of California and the public schools in San Francisco. He is associated with the vocational guidance program of the San Francisco public schools and has a personal practice in psychological adjustments as well.

Meetings will be open to the public every evening. There will be special addresses to young people and parents and opportunity for questions. The entire program will be announced next week. There will be an offering taken each evening to defray expenses of the course.

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We're reminded of a game of checkers when we hear that the Dale Leidigs have moved from their house on Camino Real to the house in Hatton Fields, recently vacated by Dick and Helen Sears, who have moved to Atascadero.

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Spraying...
and
TERMITE CONTROL
Plantsmiths
P. O. Box 1093 ✓ Carmel 617

Build Now!

HATTON FIELDS
MESA

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Approved by FHA

See Your Agent

CARMEL LAND COMPANY

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"We can own our own home cheaper than we can rent with the new F. H. A. Loan"

Borrow up to Ninety per cent of the appraised valuation of the desired house and lot

ESTIMATED TOTAL COST PER MONTH

Appraised Value	Maximum Loan	Total Monthly Payments
$3500	$3100	$26.47
$4500	$4000	$34.16
$5000	$4500	$38.43
$6000	$5400	$46.11
$6500	$5800	$50.69

For other amounts figure 85.2 cents per hundred each month if loan is under $5400, and 87.3 cents per hundred if the loan is over $5400

THE PUBLIC
is invited
to:

An open meeting of the Peninsula F. H. A. Committee
Wed., March 30, Pacific Grove High School, 8 p.m.

SPEAKER:

D. C. McGinnis, Associate Director of the F. H. A. in Northern California

For further information, consult any approved bank, realtor, materials dealer, contractor, or write:

Peninsula F. H. A. Committee

Box 305, Monterey, California

"The wittles is up!"

Soon after Virginia left THE CYMBAL and a home in Pacific Grove for a certain sculptor and a home in San Francisco she wrote to us (conjugal not editorial "us") a letter which included this pertinent paragraph: "Although the almost constant rain has somewhat dampened my excursionistic ardors I have managed to discover and rediscover some exciting bits of the Other Village since we arrived with bag, baggage and cat. Constant Eater would run amok in some of the food stores. Fillmore street is an olifactrian (?) paradise . . . pickled herring and salami, kosher kitchens, French patisseries, Danish, Russian, German, Swedish, Greek, and Woolworth's best, all strung along on the street of the crowns . . and food prices that make you spend too much because the cost is so little if you're as canny as I am."

+

I often hesitate to mention some little gadget I have just acquired and find amazingly useful because I'm afraid everybody else will have been using the same thing for ages and it was only I who failed to keep up with the progress of modern conveniences. But I generally find, after all, there are a few obliging souls to appreciate, or pretend to appreciate, my well-meant bits of trivial suggestion. If there were not any of these kindly readers this whole column, obviously (and hesitantly) written by a rank amateur, would be a pretty terrible waste of THE CYMBAL's good white paper. I feel I have to mention this once in a while for fear anyone might get the idea I considered myself qualified to produce professional documents as a domestic science expert . . . Now *what* was the weighty thought I was about to give utterance to? I believe the above reflections were started by my wanting to mention a little rubber blade on a handle and then being suddenly and shrinkingly sure that everyone was already using one! Now that I've been cleaning cake and other batter from bowls with it and getting every drop, I wonder how I ever got along without it. It comes in handy in a number of ways, too. Keep one conveniently hanging at the sink and you can scrape your dishes for washing twice as quickly and twice as clean! . . . Sometime ago I mentioned my De Vault fruit and vegetable peeler. It still continues one of the most useful gadgets I have and what's more, wears well under constant work . . . Another one of the great comforts and satisfactions of my kitchen existence is the swell can-opener I had for Christmas, the kind that fastens into a frame screwed onto the wall and is always there ready to grab a can from you, hold it securely and cut the top out neatly and quickly with no effort on your part except to turn an easily-turning handle. The initial cost may be a bit more than some gadgets but it lasts indefinitely and believe me, it's one modern convemence you don't regret acquiring Unless, of course, you *never* open a can—but who in this day and age leads an entirely canless life?

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If you like coconut (and isn't it funny how often it is misspelled *cocoanut*?), have you ever tasted "Coco-Hon-ee"? How it's made I can't imagine but it has the most deliciously definite flavor of coconut. You know those baskets of odds and ends the grocery stores fix up to tempt the feminine weakness for bargains? They had a fascinating one at Nielsen's last week (this isn't an ad because everything in it is probably sold by now) which included some jars of this "Coco-Hon-ee." I'd never seen any before but it got me on several counts—the real bargain, a 45¢ jar for 15¢, the promise of coconut flavor, and the fact that it had gone slightly sugary! So I took a chance and believe me, the Youngest Constant Eater (who also likes coconut flavor) and I are finding that it goes awfully well on breakfast toast as a change from marmalade and such . . .

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I wonder if there really can be many people who believe that eating Wonder Bread will bring them pep and popularity just as bathing with Life Buoy or Ivory, washing undies in Lux and other much-advertised rules for living are promising to do. It doesn't seem as if anybody could be dumb enough to swallow the Wonder Bread ballyhoo, and yet most of the food advertising today is based on more or less false or misleading claims. In the last few years the general public has become conscious of the importance of diet and nutrition to health. But only a very small proportion of that general public knows enough about the subject actually to judge the value of various foods or to realize when they are being filled with hokum by clever advertising. Sales talks are impressively sprinkled with such terms as "scientifically balanced," "energy building," "predigested," "essential minerals," "vitamin concentrates," etc. All this sounds very scientific and the average reader gets an impression that it means something, especially since said average reader is admittedly susceptible to almost any dietary suggestion if it is convincingly worded. Some people, strange as it may seem, think that if a statement is in print it must be true! And the manufacturers have found that all this pseudo-scientific advertising is effective so they are working it to the limit.

It isn't as different from the old fashioned patent medicine bunk as you might think—it's just cleverer and more up-to-date. It took a battle to get the quack products barred from advertising columns. But the troubles of the Food and Drug Administration have not ended, they have simply taken a new turn into the wider field of food advertising. A lot of educational work has been done to spread the news of this food racket, books and articles written in modern popular style to catch the attention and shock the reader into greater caution and skepticism. But the flood of magazines and newspapers, the daily talks of enthusiastic radio announcers continues to pour out into every corner of the land a continuous stream of misleading but powerfully persuasive claims for a multitude of products. Not all are as absurd as the remarkable Wonder Bread publicity and few are as positively harmful as the patent medicine advertising of the past (which by the way is not actually entirely past either), but the public is being fooled just the same.

Among the more conservative and non-sensational pieces of writing stating the cold facts is a bulletin of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station called, "Facts, Fads and Frauds in Nutrition" by Helen S. Mitchell and Gladys M. Cook. These scientific research workers are not writing to amuse or shock you by any startling revelations but soberly they caution you that "Many of the false notions and misapprehensions regarding the magic health value of certain foods and the mysterious dangers in specific food combinations have been introduced or initiated by unscrupulous advertisers or propagandists." They tell you to "Watch for such statements as those omplying merits for the product advertised, when in reality the food with which the product is to be used contributes the major value to the combination. Thus, one advertisement reads: 'Combined with milk this single drink gives you many health benefits . . . builds sturdy bodies from teeth to toes . . . generating body warmth, energy, strength and weight.' An extravagant statement at best, but based chiefly on the value of milk." They warn you to "beware of so-called *health foods, perfectly balanced foods, scientific food concentrates* and other food products for which the makers claim curative or health-giving properties . . . The same unwarranted claims made for patent medicines a few decades ago are made today by the manufacturers of 'Health Foods.' Weird concoctions of ground alfalfa or dried vegetables, inorganic salts, and flavoring are foisted on the unfortunate public as panaceas for every conceivable ailment, real or imaginary. As one commentator has said, 'The ignorance of nutrition displayed by such promoters is equalled only by the extravagance of their claims'." To which the authors of this bulletin add dryly: "One wonders whether such ignorance is sincere."

They also tell you to "beware of products advertising 'a balanced composition.' One current radio advertiser unhesitatingly reiterates: 'The including of——bread and baked goods in your menus assures well-balanced meals for every member of the family.' Added to a meal consisting of other cereal products or starchy foods, even the best bread would detract from the nutritional balance of the meal, and certainly no 'assurance' could be placed in bread as a 'balancing' item in meal planning." The bulletin goes down the whole line of misleading advertising: cereals that claim to be "an aid to digestion of other foods" or to be "richer in growth factors than any other cereal"; fruit juices that promise to reduce while you eat anything else you want; foods that contain important "organic minerals"; and so forth. As for vitamins! Well, most of them you get all you need of if you eat a properly varied diet with plenty of fruits, vegetables and whole-grain products and "there is no serious objection to the reasonable fortification of food products with vitamin concentrates." But—if you listen to the advertisers of this and that! The authors of "Facts, Fads and Frauds in Nutrition" give you a different story: "The various and startling therapeutic values ascribed to some of these so-called *vitamin concentrates* should arouse skepticism among any but the most gullible. Some of the products contain only traces of certain vitamins, while the advertising copy implies the presence of all vitamins in concentrated form. Vitamins A and C were absent from one product advertised as containing all known vitamins, while several with similar claims contained no appreciable amounts of any vitamin. The 'health giving vitamins', which could not be discovered at all in one product, were purported to "enrich the blood . . . strengthen the nerves . . . increase weight and energy . . . aid digestion . . . correct constipation . . . clear the skin,' and in general 'act as a tonic in . . . run down conditions.' There is no intention of belittling the nutritive value of vitamins; but such false propaganda as that just cited makes the layman skeptical of legitimate claims . . ."

But if you want to get some real dope on misleading advertising you ought to read "American Chamber of Horrors" which Farrar and Rinehart published a couple of years ago. It was written by a particular friend of mine, Ruth de Forest Lamb, and is as fascinating reading as it is sound, reliable information. The battle to establish adequate legal supervision and control of advertising is still going on and Ruth, who is now working on a new book to be called "The Devil's Cradle," hopes that the public will help support the movement for this better state of affairs. Certainly every woman who has her family's health, to say nothing of her family budget, to consider should resent the way food manufacturers are putting things over on her!

—CONSTANT EATER

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Carmel is used to seeing license plates from Washington to Florida, but it is unusual to see a plate of the Republic of Panama and it has caused quite a bit of commotion here. The owner of the plate is Major Thomas C. Lull who with his family has come to stay until the middle of June.

Carmel Hospitality

CARMEL INN
At Home In A Friendly Atmosphere
Rates from $2
San Carlos at Eighth ✓ Phone 691

FOREST LODGE
IN CARMEL WOODS
Rates $5 Up
Luncheons and Dinners by Reservation ✓ Telephone Carmel 580

Newly Remodeled
Monte Verde Apts.
Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments.
Very attractive rates
Monte Verde near Ocean ✓ Tel. 71

Pine Inn Telephone 600
RATES
European: Single $3.00 to $5.00; Double 3.50 to 6.00
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CARMEL
Hotel La Ribera
"Home of Hospitality"
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Dignified Service
559 Pacific Street, Monterey
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RADIO STORE
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SEVERNS' SERVICE
Sixth near Dolores ✓ Tel. 558

MEAGHER & CO.
OCEAN AVENUE CARMEL
Where Quality Counts
TELEPHONE CARMEL 93
DRY GOODS
End of the Month Sale
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BEDSPREADS
Specially Priced at $3.95, $4.95, $5.95, $7.95

Shorts Take Possession of Ocean Ave.; Shorts and Considerable Gooseflesh

Scene on Ocean avenue—Yippee was the proud possessor of a yellow sport roadster which he drove in a blasé, but completely expert manner. A cigarette hung out the right-hand corner of his mouth. His clothes were worn carelessly, but oh, so purposely careless! He must have had seventeen years to his credit—twenty years to boast. Yippee stopped at the stop sign by the post office and was completely besieged by a flock of admirers, who had been standing around looking hopeful.

They were the purple-legged variety who insist on wearing shorts even if they go to the hospital with pneumonia. Kerchiefs red, yellow and two prints, tied peasant-fashion around curls which had been meticulously put up on curlers the night before. Shorts; navy, white and pale blue. Sweaters: yellow, green, white and blue. Four gay shirts, four pairs of brown and white shoes, four pairs of bright colored sox, and a gash of red across faces. These were Yippee's admirers. "Oh, Yippee," Hey Yippee," "Wait a minute, Yippee," "Oh, it's Yippee." Two in the rumble seat, standing up so that no matter what happened they could be seen—two in the front seat—squeals, yells, giggles, smiles—and Yippee, well fortified, drove complacently, nonchalantly and proudly off with a sophisticated (?) smile decorating his face.

Scene all over town—Those two masculine heart throbs who drove that shiny new some-kind-or-other phaeton. The sky was overcast but no sun, no hail, no sleet, no rain, no snow, not even a Scotch mist, but the umbrella, the sort of shabby black umbrella with the white handle, was held carefully over the two manly heads. Into a gas station, and down went the umbrella, out of the gast station and up went the umbrella. It undoubtedly had a purpose in life, but being a little behind the times and not up to college etiquette we were quite unable to fathom the evident purpose of its magnificent mien.

Scene on Carmelo street—The shorts situation is bad enough but when our little visitors take to running about in bare feet it is entirely uncomprehensible. However, it seems that a barefoot race is the latest thing for the younger set to indulge themselves in. Such a race took place Monday night on Carmelo street. 'Midst the lusty cheers of young blades from the sidelines, the girls dashed over pebbles, rocks and whatnot, to a thrilling victory. It's perfectly all right with us whatever form of suicide they like to choose for themselves, but heaven help us if we should have to go back to high school again.

Scene on the beach—Somehow or other Uncle got lost in the shuffle, and Uncle could not be found for love or money. Frantic telephone calls, inquiries and even shouts would not bring Uncle forth and finally the conclusion was reached that Uncle was hibernating for the winter, so what was there to do. The eight young men had sleeping bags and finally decided that the only thing that *could* be done in the situation and under the circumstances was to hie themselves off to the beach to spend the night, which they bravely did. The evolution of beachcombers!

Scene in Whitney's—They were not over eighteen, if they were a day, and they didn't look any more than sweet sixteen. Their escorts were not much older, but they pranced into Whitney's, seated themselves confidently and ordered drinks. "May we see your driver's license?" No, they wouldn't show their driver's license, so they all trooped out, but not so confidently. And as they trooped, the littlest and cutest looked up at Willard Whitney and said reproachfully: "You just lost nine dollars."

—SALLY FRY

+ + +

VALONA BREWER TALKS ON CURRENT EVENTS

Valona Brewer was the speaker before the current events section of the Carmel Woman's Club at the meeting Wednesday morning. Prior to Miss Brewer's talk, Mrs. Willis G. White, chairman, gave a geographic and historical survey of Austria before going into the present conditions there.

The topic of Miss Brewer's talk was "A Survey of the Musical World." She spoke of the different outstanding conductors of today, the progress that Hollywood is making toward becoming a musical center, and a little about our own Bach Festival. She concluded her program by playing a Sibelius record from his "Tempest."

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TELFER READS TO DELIGHTED GUESTS OF LEGION

A hilarious evening was spent by those who attended the Legion Club Saturday night to hear Ronald Telfer read "I'd Rather Be Right," pilloring the New Deal. The reading was presented to a capacity audience by the American Legion and Auxiliary, Carmel Post.

Telfer has had a great deal of experience on the stage and is the director of a dramatic school in San Francisco besides being a playwright and a producer. These are some of the reasons why he held his audience spellbound and highly amused for an hour and a half Saturday night.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

You amateur fishermen have some strange tales to tell, but they diminish in size alongside some of the true stories which come out of the commercial fleets.

Not all of the commercial fishing boats are hundred-ton purse seiners fit to ravage the seas to the last school of sardines.

Some are no more than skiffs, propelled by oars and a luxurious old sail made out of gunny sacks. But this little tale has to do with a skiff powered with an outboard and in which two men set out fishing one day with just enough gas to reach the rock at which they hoped to find enough fish to load up.

An important fact was that they had spent their last cent, had no credit, and it was an almost do or die effort.

The trip out to the 'rock', to you landlubbers a rocky bottom about a hundred yards beneath a rising and falling, wind-baffled sea, must have been to the accompaniment of much sputtering by a failing motor.

With what trepidations, dear readers, they dropped their test line, to test the quantity of fish available at that spot!

As it happened, there was nothing doing there. Nothing! So, hardy souls that these two men were, they let their skiff drift before the wind, borne upon the tide, until they reached, largely by chance, a point where another 'rock' they knew of, existed.

These 'rocks' are reached by lining up landmarks, a tree in front of a peak, a rock in line with an old barn, sometimes by as many as three bearings for a good 'fix,' at other times by a single bearing, backed by a good judge of distance and by much sounding for the exact location.

But we have our pair of fishermen at a second rock, taken there by whim of wind and tide. A test line goes down again. Then the biting begins, indicative of many fish, hungry, and foolishly clamoring to be hooked.

But, to cut the tale short, they got back to shore, a matter of three or four miles, packed their thousand pounds of fish into their ramshackled truck, and drove to the nearest service station.

There they filled up—it's a long drive into the San Joaquin, where fish-hungry Nordics and Latins live, Germans, Portuguese, Basques. Having no coin of any description left in this world, they explained to the service station attendant they had forgotten their cash, would pay him when they returned. That's how they ever got to the valley, because the banks only lend money on sure things and whether they could sell the half-ton of fish was nothing that would interest a bank, even though the men must continue to eat and continue to try to earn a living.

Again to short-circuit a story which ever threatens to run away into verbiage, they returned with $90 in cold cash, which is what the fish sold for, paid their gas bill, and—continued to live, earn their way, and, in due time, prosper.

For one of these men today has a big boat, not fancy yacht, but a sturdy power-lugger, now properly restored to hardihood.

And here is another little side story. The bottom nearly fell out on a trip up the coast from San Simeon. Somehow, not understandable in physics, the bottom held on by pressure of the surrounding water, which apparently did a good job of getting the boat home to Monterey.

It was wise, however, that the skipper had a friend accompany him in another boat. In the boatyard they dropped the bottom right out and built it in again, and once again the craft was fit for the sea.

Escaped for a while are both man and boat, the one from the immediate danger of sinking in the economic maelstrom, the other from going down to a waiting briny deep.

+ + +

The Phil Nesbitts entertained at cocktails recently at their home in Carmel Woods. Invited to greet Mrs. Nesbitt were Carl and Nancy von Saltza, Rex and Dorothy Flaherty (Dorothy looking gay and easy on the eye in turquoise and navy), Dale and Virginia Leidig, Frances Warner (spiffy in a turquoise redingote suit), June Rose, Linda Rooke-Ley, Connie Bell (who could carry off a sugar sack with gusto and charm, but instead wore a green suit with an intriguing Tyrolean hat), Sally Fry, Henry Dickinson, Jon Konigshofer, Louis Conlan, Sam Colburn, Bob Smith, Dave Davis and numerous others.

This Tells You How Long You Labor To Raise a Kilowatt Hour

Whenever we get some publicity material from one of the public utility corporations we are reminded of the story the religious editor of the Providence *Journal* once told us about the extremity to which the World War put certain ministers of the Christian gospel. He said they were wont to tack onto their prayers: "Lord, Thou dost not strain our faith, but Thou sure taxest our ingenuity."

The demands of the public utility people certainly tax the ingenuity of their publicity departments. For instance, here's the latest one we get from the P. G. & E.:

"Electricity, electric refrigerators, radios and incandescent lamps, along with food and automobiles, can be purchased in the United States by the average workingman at less cost in terms of his own labor than in any of eight principal European countries."

And then we are startlingly informed that in the United States the laborer devotes only 3.6 minutes of his labor to obtain enough cash to pay for one kilowatt of electricity. It doesn't say whether that 3.6 minutes of labor are around 3:20 o'clock in the afternoon when it's tough, or at 4:56:40 when it's easy.

But it does say that in Country No. 1 (over in Europe somewhere; if you ask Hitler, Number One country would be Germany; Chamberlain, it would be England) the laborer works 24 minutes before he can walk away with a kilowatt-hour of juice; in No. 2 country, 30 minutes; in No. 3 country, 18 minutes, and so on until you get to No. 8 country, wherein the guy with the hoe or the Stillson has to keep at it 43 minutes before the electric company will wrap up a kilowatt and hand it over the counter.

It's all just a trick of the P. G. & E. to get you to think of your labor in painting the kitchen in terms of kilowatt-hours. We declare this particular instance to be a serious attack on connubial felicity. We prefer to think of it terms of devotion to the little lady, or the Mrs., or whatever atrocity along this line your vocabulary is capable of.

Business Directory

THOBURNS
Sound Stock Insurance
P. A. McCREERY
Insurance Manager
Tel. 333 • Box 148

INTERIOR DECORATING
Murals, Painting of All Kinds, Sign Work • By Day, or Job
FRANK HOFF
17-Mile Cottage Court, Pacific Grove
Telephone Mont. 6352

ARCHIE B. FLEMING
ENGINEER
Surveying • Mapping
Topographical Surveys
Monterey Co. Trust & Savings Bldg
Dolores Street • Carmel • Tel. 138

A. D. H. CO.
Heating • Plumbing
Sheet Metal and Electrical Work
Gas Appliances
San Carlos and Fifth • Tel. 270

Belvail Electric Shop
Contracting
Westinghouse Appliances
Radios
Carmel Theatre Bldg. • Phone 1040

"For Those Who Care"
DR. WM. H. HAMMOND
Veterinary
Castroville Road, Monterey
Telephone 8328

Here's an Adventure!
JAPANESE EATS!
You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious
AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
436 Adams Street • Monterey, Cal.
. . . . in a lovely Japanese garden

Shampoo and Finger Wave
50c
As Many Curls As Desired
Style Beauty Shop
Mrs. Muriel Larson
147 Webster Street • Monterey
Telephone 3813

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DAY • NIGHT
6th and Dolores
Monterey-Carmel Stage Office

for a . . .
short time only
PERMANENT WAVES
$1.95
Expert Operators
Good Materials
Alla Cox
Beauty Salon
457½ Alvarado • Phone 6321
Next Door to Western Auto

EL FUMADOR
MAGAZINES
NEWSPAPERS
Complete Line of
Sutliff's Pipes • Tobaccos
•
Featuring the famous
La Corona Cigars
Dolores near Seventh

INVESTMENT PROPERTIES
Rentals • Sales • Insurance
CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.
BARNET J. SEGAL
OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING
Telephone Carmel 63

Menu at Sunset Next Week

March 28-April 1

Monday, Candle salad, onion soup, string beans, buttered rice, ice cream.

Tuesday: Jellied vegetable salad, cream of mushroom soup, carrots, tamale pie, jello.

Wednesday: Blushing pear salad, cream of carrot soup, artichokes, beef stew, ice cream.

Thursday: Sunset salad, vegetable soup, diced beets, escalloped potatoes, fruit cup.

Friday: Apple salad, potato soup, spinach, tuna patties, ice cream.

White Caps On Radio Waves

KGO—Today from 12:45 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KGO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:30 o'clock. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Howard Hanson, conductor.

KDON—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:15. Symphony Orchestra.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9 to 9:30 o'clock. NBC Home Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Concert.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting discussion on timely topics.

KGO — Sunday morning from 11 to 12 noon. Magic Key.

KSFO—Sunday from 12 noon to 2. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 3 o'clock. Symphony records.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 2:30 o'clock. Metropolitan Opera auditions.

KPO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6. Edgar Bergen, etc.

KSFO—Sunday evening from 6 to to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday afternoon from 12:20 to 1 o'clock. Rochester's Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy conducting

KSFO—Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 5. Actor's Guild program.

KFRC — Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 8. Symphonic Strings.

KDON—Wednesday evening from 9:15 to 9:45. Lial's Music Shop. Symphony records.

KGO—Wednesday evening from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. "Busman's Holiday," a round table discussion of recognized western critics of the arts.

KPO — Thursday evening from 8:15 to 9:15. Standard Symphony Hour.

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Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown will arrive in Carmel soon to spend a two weeks' vacation with Berthe and Ellen Kleinschmidt at their home in Hatton Fields.

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Dr. and Mrs. Francis R. Johnson and their little daughter will spend this week-end in Carmel. Dr. Johnson is a professor at Stanford University.

LILTS FROM LILLICO

If you happen to have two large furry animals which resemble cats, ask Jon Honigshofer what to feed them. He went into Kip's Saturday afternoon with a huge basket over his arm, glowingly informing his fellowmen that he was shopping for cat food. When asked the size of his cats, he made a gesture which would cover a Great Dane's proportions. And, speaking of Great Danes, Duke André has a white one. We wouldn't be surprised to see André driving down to his shop some morning with the dog drawing a wagon. It resembles a cow from a distance (the dog, not the wagon). I wonder what kind of a basket he (André, not the dog) uses when he shops for dog food?

\+

Maxine Harbolt went to San Francisco two weeks ago shaking and un-nerved, but she did it. She passed her Real Estate Exam and now she's back in Carmel leering at respective renters and land owners.

\+

There is little else as pathetic as a disconnected telephone. The poor thing just hangs there on the wall, saying nothing day after day. The only time it lets itself go is when the door slams hard, and it gives a resounding rattle in the form of a lost ring. Did you ever think how you'd feel if you were a telephone and couldn't talk, but hung on the wall with your speaker peering at people and your ear drum hanging onto your face?

\+

Hal Gates drew himself out of his car on Ocean avenue in the most peculiar garb, even for Carmel. His slacks were once white and now they were torn and not white. His hair was either uncombed or forgotten and his sweater, what was left of it, was a pathetic sight. Upon seeing him, Harry Hedger shrieked out into the sunshine, "Good Heavens, Hal. You look as if you were ready for the Horror Chamber."

\+

About twelve-thirty Tuesday night the cast of "Topaze" was called back onto the stage for last minute criticisms. Lloyd Weer sprawled in an armchair, his batwing collar waving around his neck, as they do in the movies after a fight. His hands fumbled with the collar button. Mary Henderson sat in her yellow outfit with the net jacket and she shook. The jacket was not warm enough, but it is very lovely on her, so she continued to shake. Dick Carter, who has not yet mastered the technique of grasping coattails and gracefully drawing each one separately out of the way of a sitting position, sat on his tails and when he got out of the chair, the rear of the coat needed pressing.

\+

While shopping the other day, the grocer put some bags into the rumble seat of Naun Liljencrantz' car. There his eyes met an ironing board. He asked her if she carried it with her all the time, and she said "Yes, one never knows when she might need a good ironing board, so I always take it along." Perhaps it is her costume designing instincts, for Naun never knows when she'll be stopped on the street and asked to whip up a gown for someone. She is clever enough to do it right there and finish it off with a good ironing.

\+

Ranny Cockburn brought out some perfectly scrumptuous Hawaiian perfume when we were down at his house one evening. Upon each guest's arm Ranny dabbed a different aroma so that each might sniff and sniff. For hours later, each one of us was sitting in our respective chairs, floor or stools with sleeves rolled up and noses crushed against our arms where the dabs had been deposited. It was, to say the least, a very fragrantly peaceful evening, but if anyone had glanced through the window, word would have gone around that the Cockburns had gone berserk.

—Adrienne Lillico

\+ + +

Mrs. Whitaker Martinez and Miss Harriet Deane were the hostesses at a buffet supper party before the recital at the Carmel Mission Sunday night. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Josef von Isser, Mr. and Mrs. John Gillingham, Miss Virginia Hale, Mrs. Louise Fry and Miss Micaela Martinez.

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Louise Patterson, head mistress of the Sandia School for Girls at Albuquerque, New Mexico, spent a short time in Carmel this week.

Cocktails were the motif for a party given by Jon Konigshofer Tuesday afternoon at his home on Tenth and Dolores.

Mrs. Janie Moffet and six girls from San Jose State College are occupying the Wild cottage on Camino Real this week.

Whitney's

In the Heart of Carmel—
in more ways than one

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER

and a delightful tap room

Carmel Players
present
TOPAZE
A Sparkling French Comedy
Tonight • Saturday • Sunday
8:30 Sharp

Tickets at Filmarte Theatre
50c plus 25c Extra for Reserved Seats
Call 403 for Reservations

Reservations Will Not Be Held After 8:15
The Night of Each Performance

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COCKTAIL LOUNGE
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"Nick" and "Harry"
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*THIS SAVE-$15-OFFER is in effect March 17 to 26, inclusive, and applies on a 1938 Gas Range selling for $134.50 or more when equipped with an electric clock and lamp.

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THINGS TO COME

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PLAYS

The Carmel Players present "Topaze" Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, March 24, 25, 26 and 27 at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets on sale at the door or call 403 for reservations.

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte Theatre. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. For one week starting Friday, April 1, Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, H. B. Warner and Walter Rilla in "Victoria the Great."

paze" tonight, Saturday and Sunday nights, March 25, 26 and 27 at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets on sale at the door or call 403 for reservations.

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone and Rosalind Russell in "Man-Proof" and Nan Grey and Donald Woods in "The Black Doll." Saturday, Phil Regan, Leo Carrillo and Ann Dvorak in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" and Warner Oland and Keye Luke in "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall and Mary Astor in "The Hurricane." Wednesday, Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland and Walter Abel in "Wise Girl." Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, Lily Pons, Jack Oakie and John Howard in "Hitting a New High" and Phyllis Brooks and Ricardo Cortez in "City Girl."

CARMEL FORUM

Mrs. Hannah Sheehy Skeffington will speak Thursday, March 31, at 8 p.m. in Sunset Auditorium on "Twilight in Europe." No admission charge.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G.& E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Sunday and Friday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

+ + +

You can't advertise once in a blue moon and expect results. It's continuity of impression that counts in the long run. You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.

Here's Lyrical Opinion of "Snow White," Lyrical and Sincere

I was fortunate enough to accept Leo Lyons' invitation to see his program Monday night of this week at Carmel Theatre. I was fortunate not so much because of Carole Lombard and Fredric March, who were funny as the devil, but because the screen re-presented me with five of Walt Disney's best in the parade of annual awards to the Mickey Mouse creator. I saw again the five best things he has done since 1932 and revelled in them.

—W. K. B.

Which brings me to the point of saying that I am looking forward to "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and also to the point of introducing the following letter from James H. P. Mason:

Dear CYMBAL:

It was with the greatest pleasure I saw "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

I know no adjective that gives sufficient admiration for the Disney picture.

The audience certainly showed how much it was appreciated. Its rapture was effervescent and sparkling with enthusiasm. The children chuckled with delight; their elders were brought back for a period of happy childhood. I saw or heard no child that was scared in the least by the bad, jealous queen, even when she turned herself into the witch. I watched carefully its reception by the audience.

I, therefore, came to the conclusion that the British censors in forbidding it being shown to a children's audience thought it might create in the minds of children a neglectable veneration for the crowned head—bordering on *Lese majesté* for the present queen, and for the Princess Elizabeth who is being groomed to represent in her person the British Empire. Because they know that if England ever became a republic, the Empire as now would tumble like a house built of cards. Therefore it plainly shows how important the person wearing the crown is to them.

I also saw and heard "Porgy and Bess." Those who have not seen this opera missed one of the finest presentations ever given. It was life itself in the negro quarters. No backing into the sidelines by the chorus. The crap games kept going on, the children skipping around, catching soap bubbles, etc. The music is ultra modern. I doubt if the music will live in the minds of people—like Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—but without doubt it was better staged by the company I saw. And I have seen Gilbert and Sullivan operas given for the last 60 years. The original score of "Iolanthe" was voiced to fit the voice of the original *Iolanthe*, Bessie Bond, aunt of my niece.

—JAMES H. P. MASON

Carmel, March 6.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

The baseball season is in full swing at Sunset School this week. There have already been several games played and pupils are enthusiastically practicing for the games to be played next week. Girls' baseball groups have been organized and girls from the fourth, fifth and sixth grades play on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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Friday, March 18, 54 children were given the first dose of toxoid for diptheria immunization. This was administered by Dr. R. M. Fortier of the county health department clinic. The school is very willing to have pre-school children take this toxoid and if they did not take the first dose they may start on April 1 when the others are having their second dose. The parents must sign a slip giving their permission and the slip can be obtained at the school office or through the children.

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This Friday a play, entitled "The Planets," will be presented to the school by the members of Walter Bartmann's seventh and eighth grade classes.

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Anton Chekov's "The Boor" was presented at Sunset School Monday morning by members of the workshop groups of the Carmel Players.

+ + +

Libby Ley's recipe for parties should be stolen away from her to be handed down to posterity, because if anyone can give a successful party Libby can. And Wednesday night she gave such a party at her home on Carmelo in honor of the new Mrs. Phil Nesbitt. Among the people who dropped in during the course of the evening were Frances Wardner, Linda Rooke-Ley, June Rose, Marian Sutro, Beverly and Joan Tait, Sally Fry, Janet Nichols, Suzanne Hedger, Jon Konigshofer, Frank Work, George Aucourt, Willard Whitney, Harry Hedger, Bob Vance, Tony Delmas, Bob Norton, Lad Hyde, Don Clark, Henry Dickinson, Bob Smith, Louis Conlan, Winsor Josselyn, Tommy Hooper, John von Saltza, Dave Davis, Dick and Barbara Bare, Rex and Dorothy Flaherty, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howard, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Congdon and Stanford.

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BODLEY TO PREACH ABOUT WORLD OF PROBLEMS

"The Peace of God in a World of Problems" will be the Sunday morning theme of the Rev. Homer S. Bodley at Community Church at the 11 o'clock service. The Children's Church with a choir of 15 voices under the direction of Mrs. Emma Evans will be conducted as usual at 9:30 with adjournment to classes of the Church School at 10. The Junior Department of the Church School initiated an interesting contest last Sunday morning which will be participated in by every enrolled person. Be there next Sunday for more details and the first count.

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM TURNER, Deceased. No. 6227.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file their claims with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey in the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, or to present said claims with the necessary vouchers within said six months to the said Administratrix at the office of Argyll Campbell and Shelburn Robison in the New Post Office Building, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of William Turner, deceased.

Dated February 24th 1938

EMMA TURNER OHM
Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, Deceased.

ARGYLL CAMPBELL
SHELBURN ROBISON
Attorneys for Administratrix

Date of first publication, Feb. 25, 1938.
Date of last publication, March 25, 1938.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

SACRIFICE. Three choice level lots. Best section of Carmel Woods. One has 60-foot frontage. Two are 40 feet wide each. All 120 feet deep. Each $450. THOBURNS, Ocean Avenue, across from library. (12)

TWO PEBBLE BEACH LOTS with unobstructed view of Carmel and Point Lobos. Price right. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Eighth and Dolores. Tel. Carmel 303. (10)

JUST LISTED. 3-bedroom house. 2 baths. Central heat. Well-built. Modern. Could not be duplicated for the price—$8,500. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Telephone 98. (12)

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR LONG TERM. Several new 2-bedroom houses. Excellent location. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Telephone 98. (12)

FOUR BEDROOM house. Two baths. Marine View. Very Reasonable. Phone Carmel 586.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

SMALL, attractive Studio apartment, reasonable rent. Inquire Box 178.

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

PRACTICAL NURSE or housekeeper wants job in Carmel. Palo Alto references. Address Mrs. Grace Moore, 921 Scott Street, Palo Alto. (13)

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—SILVER WRIST WATCH. Small, with wrist chain of silver. Reward. Address Box L-21, Cymbal Office.

WANTED

Miscellaneous

WANTED—Transportation to or near Detroit, Michigan, for about April 4. Fred Mylar, Phone Carmel 305-R. (12)

MISCELLANEOUS

SHO-CARDS. Posters, Sign Lettering. Reasonable Rates. Dick Carter. Telephone 1404-J. (tf)

Cymbal classified ads cost 30 cents a line a month. A three-line ad costs 90 cents a month. And it goes places, is seen by people and does things.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nydam, from Vancouver, B.C., spent a few days in Carmel this week as guests of La Playa Hotel.

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Mrs. Douglas Sims and her daughters, Joan and Sheila, from San Jose are spending a short time in Carmel.

+ + +

For one dollar we'll deliver The Cymbal to you by mail anywhere in the far-flung domain of the United States for a whole year. For Two Dollars we'll send it to Czechoslovakia or Greenland or the French Riviera.

THE GOOD DOG'S CHARACTER

In summer's heat he follows by thy pace,
In winter's cold he never leaveth thee,
In mountains he by thee close doth trace;
In all thy fears and dangers true is he.
Thy friends he loves, and in thy presence lives
By day: by night he watcheth faithfully
That thou in peace may sleep: He never gives
Good entertainment to thine enemies.

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Place Your Orders

NOW

for Annuals, Shrubs, Potted Plants

Carmel Nursery

Owned and Operated by Herbert Hoeser of the Carmel Garden Service

Junipero near Fifth • Phones: Carmel 407-W and 407-R

Tappan Gas Ranges

Modern • Convenient • Easy to Clean

Fraser Heating Equipment

Central Heat • Floor Furnaces

Economical and Durable

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Showroom and Shop:
Junipero North of City Park, Carmel
Telephone 686

Carmel's Annual Kite Festival Draws The Town to Hatton Fields

A bunch of Carmel boys and girls won prizes for various kinds of kites and the height to which they got them, at Carmel's annual Kite Flying Festival on Hatton Fields last Saturday. But they won more than prizes; they won that so often elusive ecstacy of playing with mothers and fathers on open fields.

It was a brilliant day, with the sky cloud-billowed, but not too much, and a brisk, but never annoying wind, ready to play its essential part in the success of the affair. It was an afternoon of joy for Carmel people functioning as members of a community and by themselves, leaving Ocean avenue for the nonce to the visitors. It is a safe bet that of the hundreds of men, women, girls and boys on that broad field, any one of them could smile in recognition of every one else, any one of them could have named the whole kit and caboodle of the rest. Quite delightfully we all knew each other.

As for the prizes, they were quite fairly divided as follows:

Best-made kites by children from kindergarten to second grade—Sydney Hudson, first; Edith Elizalde, second; Louise Harber, third; Bill Curtis, fourth.

Best kites, second to fifth grades—Harry Hunt, first; Billy Askew, second; Edgar Hoffman, third; Douglas Calley, fourth.

Best kites, fifth to eighth grades—William Lang, first; Shim Kuster, second; Dorothy D'Amaral, third; Monty Hellam, fourth.

Highest fliers—Alice Morehouse, first; Louis Levinson, second; Orville Jones, third.

Prettiest kites—Margot Oliver, first; Adeline Guth, second; Marie Elizalde, third; Nancy Stewart, fourth.

Oddest kites—Vincent Torras, first; Raymond McDonald, second; Gordon Miyamoto, third; Alexander Allan, fourth; Baird Bardarson, fifth.

For the success of the festival this year credit must be given first, of course, to the Rev. Willis G. White, who inaugurated the thing seven years ago, and to Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School; Mrs. Fenton Grigsby of Forest Hill School; Ernest Calley, who did the actual work of preparation of the program and its execution; and to the following judges who were as honest as the anti-New Dealers claim the Supreme Court is:

Best kites—Mrs. Monica Briner, Homer S. Bodley, Jr. and Walter Kellogg.

Prettiest kites—Major Ralph Coote, Mrs. Ralph Coote and Victor Graham.

Oddest kites—Charles McCarthy, Emile Passailaigue and Bill Askew.

Highest flying kites—Bernard Rowntree, Carel Hulsewé and Ross C. Miller.

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

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Announces...

A NEW KIND OF TIRE

IT'S THE ONLY TIRE THAT GIVES GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION
THIS NEW LIFE-SAVER TREAD GIVES AMERICAN MOTORISTS THE GREATEST SKID PROTECTION EVER BUILT INTO ANY TIRE
WHAT A BEAUTY! THE SMARTEST LOOKING TIRE IN AMERICA

AMAZING LIFE-SAVER TREAD GIVES YOU SPLIT-SECOND STOPS ON SLIPPERY RAIN-DRENCHED ROADS

● A new tire comes to town to give you the greatest life-saving protection on wet, slippery roads that you've ever had on your car—a tire that's actually a ROAD DRYER!

Just look at the row upon row of never-ending spiral bars in this new Life-Saver Tread. Then you'll understand why it acts like a battery of windshield wipers, sweeps the water right and left, forces it out through the deep grooves, making a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

Yes, sir, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread will stop you quicker, safer—on a wet pavement—than any tire has ever stopped you before! That's why a "Silvertown Stop" can easily be a *life-saver* to you on slippery rain-drenched roads.

And, adding one safety feature to another, this new Silvertown is also the *only* tire that gives you the Golden Ply—the famous Goodrich invention that resists the terrific blow-out-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this *internal heat*, the Golden Ply protects you against high-speed blow-outs.

Extra Safety At No Extra Cost

Remember, many tires cost more than Silvertowns; but *no other tire*—at any price—can give you this two-way protection against skids and blowouts. Unless you make your next tires Silvertowns you'll be cheating yourself and your family out of the greatest tire safety ever offered.

OUR SHIPMENT OF THESE NEW GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS HAS ARRIVED...COME IN FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION AND GET THE MOTORING THRILL OF A LIFETIME

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

Life-Saver Tread . . . Golden Ply Blow-out Protection